

The Offer
Project 1

By

Daniel Grzeskowiak

©Daniel Grzeskowiak
108 Kappell Ave.
Council Bluffs, IA 51503

323.898.4232
dan@grzproductions.com

EXT. HOUSE BACK YARD

Sun shines down on a peaceful backyard, quiet because one man is lying dead in pool of blood. A woman is sitting on a picnic table gun in hand. She pulls out a phone and dials.

GUNMAN

It's done. Once I send you proof I require the rest of my payment. You know where to send it.

The Gunman hangs up. Holds the phone up and takes a picture of the dead body. She then sends the picture off.

GUNMAN

You can get up now.

The man starts getting up, covered in a sticky red liquid.

MAN

What is this stuff?

GUNMAN

Pigs blood. Closest thing to human blood.

MAN

This is disgusting. You sure this is going to work?

GUNMAN

They could of asked for more proof than a picture. Sometimes they ask for an ear or a distinguishing trait.

MAN

I don't understand, why do they want me dead?

GUNMAN

I didn't ask. Here.

The Gunman slaps an envelope on the Man's chest.

GUNMAN

Here's your new identity. I set up a new bank account and a buyer for your house.

MAN

Buyer?

(CONTINUED)

GUNMAN

Your neighbors will think you moved, they won't ask questions. And the money from the sale will help you in your new beginnings.

MAN

What if I don't want to go? Maybe I'll call the cops.

GUNMAN

Go ahead. But then they would know you're still alive and then both our lives would be in trouble. So I might as well just kill you and gain a conscience on my next job.

The Gunman points his gun at the Man.

MAN

Ok. Ok. I'll go.

She continues to point the gun at him until he is a few steps away. She lets it fall. Watching to make sure he leaves, she pulls out her phone again.

GUNMAN

(upbeat)

Hey honey. Got some good news. They accepted our offer.

The man gets into his car and drives away.

GUNMAN

Yeah. We can move in right away.